

Do It For The Vine

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1726139) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1726139>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Categories:	Gen , M/M
Fandom:	Kill la Kill
Relationships:	Inumuta Houka/Iori Shirou , but only at the end otherwise it's gen
Characters:	Iori Shirou , Inumuta Houka , Sanageyama Uzu , Mentions of most major characters
Additional Tags:	Eye Trauma , Violence , Vines
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2014-06-01 Words: 4,040 Chapters: 1/1

Do It For The Vine

by [venomousOctopus](#)

Summary

A Kill la Kill AU where Inumuta Houka and Iori Shiro record everything that happens in a series of Vines.

Notes

Lily and Kuma (@fawnpunx and @kumatakarada on twitter) rewatched episode 6 of klk last night and also discussed the idea of Iori calling up Inumuta so they can Vine the process of Sanageyama getting his eyes sewn shut. Their tweets about the matter inspired me to write this fic.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"Okay, Inumuta, do you have your phone out? Do you have it set up?"

"Yes, I have the app open and ready"

"Don't start recording until I give the signal, alright?"

"Iori, I think you would know by now that I know /exactly/ when to start"

"Good, then-"

A loud buzzer rang across the sewing club laboratory, the club members visibly stiffening as their hands settled on either side of the sewing machinery.

"-Commence sewing!"

The two bespectacled boys looked expectantly at the student that was getting fitted in front of them. The taller of the two had his phone up in front of him, waiting and watching for just the right time...

A sparkle, the room illuminated with the tell-tale stars the Goku Uniforms emitted whenever they were activated. Inumuta looked down to see Iori give a small flick of his wrist, the sign. He pressed his thumb on the screen of his phone as the student experiment grew into a monstrosity that rivalled the Hulk before he rampaged around the room.

"1-Star Security!" Iori had shouted, and Houka recorded the entirety of the poor students futilely trying to shoot and subdue the subject, only to be knocked away like dominoes.

4 seconds more...

The experimental subject bounded closer and closer, and when he was about to reach the wall that separated him and Iori, Houka removed his thumb and handed the device to the other.

"You know what to do"

His own uniform shone for just a brief moment, and he took out his other device (which Iori affectionately called his 'battle buddy') and swiped at the screen a few times.

"Analysis Complete"

He pulled back his arm and jabbed at the rampaging student, stopping him in his tracks and ripping him off all the clothes he currently wore. Houka relaxed and leaned back, putting his hands in his pockets once he confirmed the subject was completely knocked out. He turned back to look at his companion behind the glass and smiled.

"Did you get that, Iori?"

"Of course I did"

"Good~ I wouldn't expect any less from you"

Once Inumuta had returned to the room behind the glass wall, Iori had returned the phone back to him, tapping the arrow key to preview the footage they recorded. It was a quick, 6-second video, separated into two parts. The first chronicling the experimental subject's rampage, and the second showing Inumuta's cool and calm counter.

"That's perfect," Inumuta took back the phone and led them both out of the laboratory and into the halls. "-But what should the description be?"

"Hm. I think something along the lines of 'an average day at the lab! #ラブライフ?'(1)

"That's quite good, I'll note this down"

"Are you planning to upload this on your private or public account, Inumuta?"

"Hm? Does it matter?"

"Well, I do not exactly want every student to know the details of what happens in the sewing laboratories, you know..."

"Right. Private then. But that's good as well, Sanageyama has complained about how he thought I was getting weak"

"Has he now?"

"I never have a reason to fight, but perhaps this will prove him wrong on his assumptions"

"Hm, perhaps"

"Ah-" He looked at his phone screen again, just now noticing the time. "I think it's about time for me to head back, don't you think? You should get some rest too, Iori"

"I have a bit of paperwork left to finish but I promise I will sleep early tonight"

"Good." Houka patted the shorter boy's head and headed off. "Are we still up for lunch tomorrow?"

"Of course. I'm looking forward to hear how many...favourites? Is that the right one for this-"

"-It's likes"

"Right, right. Likes. Well I'm looking forward to how many likes this will get"

"I am as well. I'll upload it tomorrow morning when everyone is up. Goodnight Iori."

"Goodnight, Inumuta"

XXX

The night was plagued with one of the bigger thunderstorms Honnouji Academy had in a while, the lighting crashing and sending streaks of light across the sky and the buildings. The

rain poured hard and heavy, forcing the No-Stars in the slums to put their mattresses on wooden boards just so they don't get wet. It was late and most were asleep, with the exception of Iori who was, as per usual, working hours into the night.

A thunder crashed and Iori heard a footstep. He whipped his head to the door, demanding the intruder to state themselves.

"Iori, I want you to do a favour for me"

After the green-haired male explained his situation, emphasizing how he truly needed to prove his worth and regain his resolve and other nonsense that Iori thought was a bit extreme, he finally explained the reason for his late-night visit.

"I want you to sew my eyes shut"

The sewing club president was silent for a minute, and another. He stared at the other in complete bewilderment and disbelief, and before saying anything, took out his phone and dialled a number.

It took a few minutes for the line to connect, presumably because the other party was asleep.

"...Iori? What are you doing staying up so late? Didn't you promise to go to sleep by at least 1am now?"

"Ahahaha...I did but- no, Inumuta, that's not important right now. You have to get here *right* now"

"Why? I'm really quite tired, you know. You *did* just wake me up from sleep which is exactly what people are supposed to do at this moment-"

"-I think you will find some really good footage to use"

"I'm on my way"

After asking Sanageyama if he truly wanted to do this, and how he would most likely lose his fighting ability if he did, Iori had directed the other to a large metal table that he had cleared of all items. The tailor had him lie down there, and quickly tied down his arms and legs with life fibre so he wouldn't struggle too much. He threaded and tied the needle with quick precision gained from years of doing so and waited, standing by the table with some boredom as he fiddled with the long thread of life fibres in his hand. After about 10 minutes, the blue-haired hacker burst into the room, phone in hand and ready to record.

"Iori? What are you doing?" Inumuta asked as soon as he spotted the two.

"He wants me to sew his eyes shut"

"And you're..."

"Yes, I am actually planning to do it"

The boy on the table perked his head up a bit, his eyes closed. "Wait, Iori? Why is Inumuta here?"

"Shush and lie back down, Sanageyama"

The green-haired boy did so with a grumble, lying back down and shutting his eyes even tighter in anticipation.

Inumuta looked at the table again and back to Iori. "And...Sanageyama is the one who thought of this? Not you?"

"Give me a break, Inumuta, I may be mad but I won't do something like that to you all"

"Alright. So this is what your great footage was?"

"Yes. Make sure you take as many as you can"

"You can count on me"

"Then-" Iori returned to the side of the table, leaning over the patient and holding his head steady. He raised the hand he held the thread with and gave a quick flick of the wrist. "- Commence sewing!"

Iori jabbed the needle into the eyelid, earning a scream from Sanageyama that rang loud and clear through the room. It was easy enough for Houka to record the process, and he kept removing his thumb and moving to another angle to continue recording. A minute, 10 minutes, a half hour passed before Iori was finally done. He sighed heavily, exhaustion evident in his body as he wiped his blood-stained hands with a cloth. Sanageyama had fainted by this point, but his eyes were now sewn shut, the life fibres Iori used closing up the wound and leaving a star-shaped scar in their wake. Inumuta put down the phone and gave a thumbs up, which the blonde weakly returned.

As Sanageyama recovered, the two of them moved away from the makeshift operating table and looked at the screen of the phone, going over all the various 6-second videos Inumuta had recorded. Most of it consisted of Sanageyama screaming in pain and Iori futilely telling him to stop moving, while also gradually getting more and more aggressive with his sewing. There was one where Inumuta stared into the camera with a bored expression on his face as the event took place, and another where he strikes a typically cutesy pose as Iori yells at Sanageyama to 'shut up or I swear to God I'll sew your mouth shut too'. There was one where Iori was giggling out of hysteria as more and more blood got on his hands and face, and Houka had whispered to the camera 'Now...he's lost it'.

Every 6-second video was a disaster in absolutely the best way, and Iori had laughed and chuckled at each one, asking the taller boy "Am I really that scary?"

"Iori, you are terrifying"

"I'm-I'm not"

"These videos prove otherwise, you know"

"And- and, what about you then, Inumuta? You did not get even a little uncomfortable through all this?"

"Perhaps I was, perhaps I wasn't. I am simply the archiver here tonight"

"Hmph. Well, anyway, I don't think I will ever be doing that again."

"I don't think anyone else is reckless enough to ask you to do such a thing"

"Who knows, Gamagoori might ask me to sew metal plates to his body one day"

"...You have a good point." He pocketed his phone and leaned back on the seat he was in.
"Private or public?"

"Oh public. Absolutely public"

"You're not worried about how people will see you?"

"No, not at all. Besides, everyone deserves to see Sanageyama screaming like a child"

Inumuta smirks, and poked Iori on the forehead. "You're getting quite diabolical lately, perhaps you've been around me too much~?"

"Perhaps." Iori returned the smirk with one of his own, and rested his chin on his hands. "I'm looking forward to see how many reblogs and likes-"

"-Revines and likes-"

"-Revines and likes these videos get."

"Well, you won't know unless you sleep, Iori"

"Are you- ugh, fine. It is quite late"

"And if I find out you stayed up too late again, I'll publicly upload that vine of you cooing over sheep when we went to the zoo last weekend"

"You have that recorded?! Inumuta!"

The hacker stood up from the chair and simply laughed as he left the room. "Goodnight, Iori~"

XXX

The King of the Hill battles proved themselves to be more interesting then expected, Iori having just watched Gamagoori's uniform getting shredded inside and out. He sighed heavily, lamenting on the loss of his great uniform but knew that this is what Lady Satsuki wanted. He jotted down the weaknesses in the form and abilities of Scourge and Shackle Regalia, and opened up a video feed to look at the next opponent.

Inumuta, of course. The tailor did not really expect him to defeat the transfer student, neither did, really. Inumuta figured out the reason behind the battles during the first day of Naturals Elections, so when he walked down the stairs to his own battle, he did so with an air of confidence and calm that no one should have when they've just seen the Shield of Honnouji Academy defeated so thoroughly. He looked down at his phone, keeping tabs on his opponent's heartbeat and breathing, and asked Ryuko if she wanted to take a break.

Iori grumbled to himself as he looked at the feed showing the battle. "Inumuta, just get this over with already..."

"Don't worry about me. Let's get this started already!"

Iori watched the transformation of the uniform, his favourite uniform, with a smirk on his face. Probe Regalia was by far what he would consider his best design. As Inumuta never had to battle and relied more on speed, stealth and ease of movement, he could get away with making something skin-tight. And transparent. It's not like anyone will see him under optic camouflage anyway.

The battle went about as well as he'd expected. Inumuta talked through most of it, trying to draw out the time the battle lasted. Talking also gave him the benefit of having his opponent focus more on his words, thus being less steady and precise with their hits. This gave him an even easier time to dodge and gain information. Iori knew how Houka fought, and his uniform was perfect for every task he did.

Iori also knew Houka was far too smart to give up his uniform, and for that he was grateful. As soon as he declared his intention on forfeiting, he transformed back and walked away, simply explaining to the transfer student that all he cared about was data. He looked up at Satsuki to gauge her reaction, and when he spotted a subtle nod, he smiled and made his way over to the labs to hand over his uniform.

As Houka changed out of his Goku uniform, the blonde averting his eyes and meekly handing him the tracksuit to wear, the two spoke.

"Iori, I got quite a good bit of information, you know"

"Hm, that's good, I'm proud"

"I also got some golden footage that I think will make for great uploads"

"Inumu- Are you serious? You filmed /during/ the battle? How?!"

"Simple. This uniform collects and stores data, yes? It was simple enough to modify it with a small camera and download the app to it"

"I can't believe you modified the uniform I made..."

"Ah- was that bad of me? I'm sorry"

"I-it's fine" Iori grumbled, his eyes narrowed, and Houka could tell that it had been anything but fine.

"I-I didn't want to bother you too much, you know, considering how much work you have these days. And it was a simple modification-"

"I said it's /fine/, Inumuta"

Houka flinched, and zipped up the collar of his tracksuit to cover his mouth. "I'm sorry..."

Iori sighed and pinched his forehead. "It's fine" He said with more sincerity now, and looked back at the other student. "Can I at least see the footage?"

"Of course~ just take the wire from the back of the neck and plug it in here." He took out his 'vining' phone and pointed to the outlet. The process of opening the app and using the information from the uniform was simple, at least to Inumuta, and after a few seconds, he showed the screen to the other.

The vines Inumuta captured this time was simply Ryuko running around so fast that no one can see her, and a close-up transformation into Senketsu. Most of it was of Ryuko, predictably, but there was one short of Sanageyama and Nonon arguing on their platforms.

"Hm...well, I don't think they're as good as we've had before"

"Really?"

"You should have let me filmed, Inumuta, your actions were far more interesting than hers"

"I think you just want to have better footage of me in my Regalia."

"Ahaha- Ahem" Iori removed his mask to cough and readjusted it. "Even if it is not the best, it is something. And Matoi is quite popular among the student body now, isn't she?"

"The general opinion of her has increased in positivity since her appearance, yes"

"Then I think you should post it publicly."

"Understood." Houka nodded and made to leave the room, fixing up his track suit. "Oh and Iori?"

"Hm?"

"Keep my uniform warm for me"

Iori gave a fond smile and waved him off. "Inumuta please, I can barely fit into my own uniform"

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Honnouji Academy lit up in a cavalcade of rainbow lights and rehearsed cheering, the Director, Lady Ragyo descending down and flying around the stage in a ghastly outfit that would give even the most terrifying of witches a scare. Satsuki and her student council stood

by and watched the over-dramatic act without fear, and once the older Kiryuin stopped and stepped onto the beginning of her runway, they bowed.

All five of them knew that it would all end soon. That the theatrics The Director put up was but simply the first act. When Ryuko first entered, bringing in the two nudists and for some reason, Mankanshoku, with her, Ragyo's focus automatically moved to her.

It was only logical for Satsuki to strike then and there, unsheathing and pushing the blade through her own mother's stomach before flinging her onto a cross. Blood rained down across the stadium, soaking Satsuki's otherwise immaculate hair and adding drops of red to the white floors. Inumuta wished he had thought to play something fitting, 'We are the Champions' perhaps? 'I Fucking Hate You'? Unfortunately, all he managed to do was capture the entire act in a short, 6-second video.

He would have liked to take more but unfortunately, they, all of them, seemed to underestimate Ragyo's regenerative abilities and of the Life Fibres in general. The four of them were in a losing battle against Nui when the distress call from the sewing club reached Inumuta's ears. The shock of it had given just enough time for Nui to knock him back with her parasol, the force shattering bits of his polygonal armour and erasing some of the data that he had stored.

Even after Nui focused her attention back to Ryuko, they knew that this is all fruitless. Ragyo has fully recovered and they could all tell that surprise was their main advantage, without that- it was futile.

Despite knowing that, the elite 4 of Honnouji Academy fought on, the COVERS started clouding the sky, darkening the arena but they fought on. Satsuki was beaten and stripped and thrown to the ground yet they fought on. Only when Mato's heart was ripped from her chest, the director cradling the beating organ in her bony hands, did the four generals stop and look up at what was happening.

They knew they lost, and no one could do anything as they stood frozen, the dread and disappointment in themselves running through their veins like liquid nitrogen. None could do anything as the stadium exploded, the last resort Satsuki had to protect everyone else. Though the Student Council, minus the president, managed to get away from the ordeal, the cost of it was far too great.

Inumuta never uploaded the footage.

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When Iori and Inumuta had drafted into Nudist Beach, neither of them uploaded anything new in a while. With the COVERS attack, and both their schedules filled with figuring out as much as they possibly could about the extraterrestrial clothing, taking short footage was dangerous, and also impractical. However, today was the day that the weapon they had been working on for a month was finally completed. The two sat expectantly in front of the monitors as they watched the other Nudist Beach warriors prepare themselves (and also calling themselves the mightiest five, much to Inumuta's annoyance).

The video they got was a miraculous one, a perfect 6-second shot of Gamagoori yelling his battle cry, cut to him fighting a larger-than-average COVERS with his bare hands, then cut to the activation of the weapon, and finally ending with the pop and release of Mako Mankanshoku. The two smiled widely at each other at the success of their weapon, and Inumuta brought up the camera in front of them to take another video.

From the basement of the Nudist Beach base they yelled, explaining the basic process and idea of the weapon in complete synchronization. When Iori finished his sentence, Houka started, and when Houka finished, Iori carried on. They got more and more fired up as they continued speaking, culminating in them together declaring the device as

"THE VACUMM SUCTION DEVICE!"

Houka removed his thumb. They didn't get the entire speech, but managed to capture the most important parts of it. Iori panted, the excitement of the moment preventing him from doing anything but smile and pace around excitedly. Inumuta was much the same, his cheeks flushed from the adrenaline of their synced-up exposition, his heart beating faster than usual. In the excitement, the two embraced each other, the hacker picking up the tailor and swinging him around as they both laughed and giggled around the basement. So caught up in the moment were they that when the screeching noise of the COVERS reverberated through the entire area, they looked up in confusion, and failed to notice what was happening.

Neither caught Ryuko's awakening soon enough.

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Inumuta Houka's goal, or at least one of them, was to take a vine of their final confrontation against the Life Fibres that plagued this world. He wanted to record and share the ultimate proof of how he, how anyone, could change the world if they truly wanted to. Iori knew that. So when the final battle ended up in space, with all their devices and life fibre-fitted accessories collecting and powering up Ryuko's final form, he knew that Houka's goal would never come to fruition.

But that's fine, Houka got a new phone. His laptop is still safe. And when the two were sitting in a cafe, going through Houka's accounts to look at all the videos they shot: every embarrassing pun Sanageyama made, every practical joke that went over Gamagoori's head, every moment Mako stopped and did one of her charade monologues...the two smiled and fondly recalled when they had filmed it.

"That one's when he-"

"Oh yes, I remember"

"The enemy awaits at Honnouji?" I still can't believe he said that"

"The proof is in the vine, Iori"

"I suppose, but it's still unbelievable"

"This is the same man that asked you to sew his eyes shut, you know"

"Yes, yes. Which we also have. Can we watch those ones again?"

"Of course, I think those are my favourites, actually"

"Mine as well"

The two continued to watch and rewatch the short videos. Their account has actually gotten quite popular, though many in other countries wondered how either of them managed to script such an elaborate story of alien clothing and super powered uniforms. When they got to the bottom of their account for what may be the third time, Iori put his hand on the phone and gently pushed it down.

"Iori? What's wrong?"

"How about we make a final vine together?"

"I don't think anything now will ever quite reach the level of our previous ones"

"It-it will be. Just...trust me, alright?"

Inumuta met the yellow eyes of the smaller boy, which blazed with determination and a bit of reassurance. He does trust him. Would trust the tailor with his life. Handing Iori his phone like he had done so many times before was proof of that.

"Now to set the camera as inside...done. Inumuta, move your chair closer"

"I still don't really understand what you are trying to do-"

Iori pressed his thumb on the screen and leaned up to give the other boy a quick kiss on his cheek. The reaction was instantaneous. Houka's face flushed, his usually pale skin now almost completely pink as he attempted to hide his face in the scarf he was wearing. He stammered, his eyes darting around the cafe, trying to do anything but have his eyes meet the blonde's. With Houka's otherwise calm exterior shattered, Iori returned to his coffee and brought it to his lips, the 6 seconds running out precisely after the first sip.

After a minute or two, Houka managed to regain enough composure to figure out what just happened. "W-w-what is the meaning of this? Iori?!"

"You don't like it?"

"No- I do but that was quite sudden... I didn't really expect you to-"

"Not all of your hypothesis are always correct, you know, Inumuta" Iori smirked and held up the phone. "And now I have official record of it"

"You really have been around me for too long..."

The vine was uploaded, and absolutely no one was surprised by the turn of events.

End Notes

(1) The Japanese words here say #Raburaifu, which can either be romanized as #LoveLife or #LabLife. I didn't know how to make that pun work in English so i kept it as Japanese.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!